

Not A MSR by Xanthe

<http://www.xanthe.org/not-a-msr/>

"Yes, Mulder! Now!" Scully panted, admiring her lover's exquisite features as he thrust into her.

"Scully...!"

"Mulder...!" They climaxed together with a sigh of mutual passion.

Scully got dressed, and knocked on the cell door to be released.

"Will you do your Luke Skywalker for me next week?" She asked him.

"Anything you say, Princess Dana," he smirked. "I'll have my light saber ready and waiting..."

Well the man oozed charm, and he could be anyone she fancied. Scully was far too sensible a girl to waste an opportunity like that.

"Bye, Eddie," she said.

THE END

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